

NEWS OF EVERY FIELD
FULLY COVERED



THE TRUTH ABOUT SPORT
IS NEVER A KNOCK

NEW YEAR RACES AMBITIOUS PROJECT

Committee Is Making Large Outlay to Fence Track and Provide for the Safety and Convenience of the Crowd—Familiar Horses on the Entry List

It will mean an outlay of a considerable sum before the flag falls for the first race on New Year's Day, and the committee in charge of the Kapiolani Park events is working with one eye on the weather and one finger on the public pulse. Sunshine and patronage are the two requisites to success, and while the former can't be argued into putting in an appearance, the latter can be brought to the grounds by educational methods.

The very best argument to use with the public is that those who attend the races will get their money's worth. A full day of clean sport is promised, and a look at the list of events will show what is in store. As a secondary argument, for those who are public spirited enough to consider it, a large attendance at the coming meeting will mean a bigger and better race meeting in connection with the floral parade. If the quarters and halves drop fast this time, the committee will have a surplus on hand to offer greater inducements to the horsemen in February.

One of the big items of expense that the race committee faces now is that of fencing. About three-quarters of a mile of serviceable post and rail is being put on both sides of the quarter stretch, round the first turn, and round the grandstand and saddling paddock. There will be no accidents on the track, either during the horse or the auto races, if the committee can help it, and everything possible is being done to assure the safety of the crowd.

The entry list isn't as well filled as the horsemen would like, but there is considerable class in most of the races. It's a pity that larger fields are not the rule, but there seems to be a lack of gallies here, and the only way to increase the number is to show that to import is worth an owner's while. Meetings of this sort being the medium to carry the message.

Morning Races, Start at Ten O'clock.
First Race—Half-mile, Hawaiian bred, purse \$150.

(Owners)
J. J. Merellores Dora D
Angus McFee Athlone
Charles Kawamoto Strawberry

Second Race—Five-eighths mile, free for all, purse \$200
(Owners)
John O'Rourke Sonoma
F. Burghell Miss Bryan

Third Race—Three-eighths mile, Post Entry.
(Owner)
Charles Kawamoto Strawberry

Fourth Race—One mile, Gentlemen's Driving Race, purse "Cup." Post Entry.
(Owners)
Angus McFee Indian Boy
William Lucas Dixie

George Holt, Jr. Palama
J. J. Merellores Dora D
Afternoon Races, Start at One O'clock

Sixth Race—One mile, 3 in 5, free for all, harness race, purse \$300. Four to enter, each entry to put up \$100, as sweep stakes, to be added to the purse.
(Owners)
Angus McFee Dinevo
T. Silva Harold D

Deve Meyer Maui Boy
W. H. Campbell Welome Boy
Seventh Race—One mile, Hawaiian bred, free for all, purse \$550, \$500 first and \$150 second.
(Owners)
F. Burghell Major Collier
J. Burghell Miss Bryan

J. O'Rourke Merlino
George Holt, Jr. Clara C
In a comboy race and the gentlemen's driving and running races, entries are to be made at the post. In all races, three to enter and two to start. Entrance fee, ten per cent of the purse.

San Francisco housewives will start a war on grocery stores selling eggs at high prices. They are determined that eggs wholesaling at 27 cents a dozen shall not sell for 50 cents and 60 cents.

COURAGE A NECESSARY QUALITY IN ALL SPORT



ONLY STRAIGHT NERVE HOLDS A BASEMAN CLOSE TO THE BASE WHEN IN DANGER OF BEING STRUCK

Robert Edgren, who before he became sporting editor of the New York Evening World was a famous hammer-thrower at Yale, has hit the nail on the head in his little essay on the possibilities of sheer nerve in competitive sport. Both the article, and the sketches that illustrate it, show that Edgren has made a careful study of the psychology of sport, and the practice of its application to competition.

Anyone who has had to do with sport can think up a dozen instances of this sort for himself.

Edgren gets below the surface in this article, and tells why some win while others, more physically fit, lose.



NO MARATHON RUNNER WITH A YELLOW STREAK EVER WON A RACE



IN FOOTBALL IT TAKES COURAGE TO TEAR INTO A TACKLER AT FULL SPEED --- IT TAKES NERVE TO DIVE HEADLONG AT THE RUNNER

WOLGAST HAS TOUGHEST FACE OF ANY FIGHTER

"I think Ad Wolgast has the toughest face of any boxer in the business," said Manager Jones yesterday. "During the twenty-eight fights he has had since I have been handling him he has had but three black eyes, and I do not remember of him ever having a bloody nose. It is hard to get his skin and he usually comes out of a fight without a scratch. I have seen his opponents blink him on the eyes and nose, but it seemingly did not bother him in the least."

WOLGAST-RITCHIE FIGHT IS ON FOR MAY

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 19.—While Ritchie will fight Ad Wolgast either in Los Angeles or San Francisco next May, if Tom Jones, manager of Wolgast, is in earnest about his offer to post a side bet of \$5,000, according to announcement made by Billy Nolan, Ritchie's manager, before he departed for Los Angeles today. Nolan said Ritchie's theatrical engagements make it necessary for him to remain out of the ring for at least three months, but he declared there would be a return match with Wolgast and that the side bet would go, provided Jones is in earnest.

Nolan said: "Let Jones post that bet and it will be covered within 24 hours. I think he is bluffing. Let him make good. Ritchie will fight Wolgast in May, but no sooner, but certainly then if Wolgast wants the match."

A mine explosion near Dortmund, Germany, killed 39 workers and seriously injured many others.

Captain John Watson of the Eighth cavalry was killed by a Moro who sneaked within the lines of an encampment at Set Lake. Lieutenant Edmunds was seriously injured.

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PORTUGUESE AND CHINESE ARE ON EDGE

Everything is ready for the big doings at Athletic Park tomorrow, and while the ball fans have been too often disappointed by uncertain weather to expect an afternoon of baseball as a dead certainty, the stakes of the last few days have justified an average amount of preparation.

The main event of the afternoon's card is the first game of the series between the Portuguese and All-Chinese, and there is a lot of speculation as to the outcome. Opinion seems to be about evenly divided, and a record crowd is likely to be on hand.

The first game will be the first of the pennant series of the Junior League, the contending teams being the C. A. U. and the Asahi. In order to finish the second game with plenty of daylight to spare, the first contest will be called at 1:30 sharp.

Following is the line up for the Portuguese-Chinese game:

All-Chinese—En Sue, cf; V. Ayau, ss; Albert Akana (Captain), 1b; Kan Yen, c; "Chief" Akana, lf; Lai Tin, 3b; Sing Hung Ho, rf; A. Asam, 2b; Apau Kau, p.

Portuguese—A. C. Sousa, 3b; Bushnell, lf; La Merce, 2b; Orellias, rf; Freitas (Captain), p; Pilzer, 1b; Joseph, c; Zamiska, lf; Madeira, cf.

SAWED OFF SHORT

There will be a special train run from town to Schofield Barracks and return the evening of the Madison-Banersock fight. It will leave Honolulu at 6:30 and return immediately after the night.

High School is playing Punahou, and Camp Verry is playing the Maileas at Moiliili in the soccer league this afternoon.

McKinley defeated Kamehameha at indoor base ball last night by a score of 22 to 14. This leaves Lincoln, Washington, McKinley tied for first place for the first half of the league series. Kam, the fourth team, hasn't won a game.

The "Y" Basketball League opens its season tonight, with games between the Cubs and Healanis, and Fort Shafter and Fort De Russy.

David Belasco, the theatre manager, is seriously ill in New York.

GRIT CAN OVERCOME PHYSICAL WEAKNESS

By BOB EDGREN.

NEW YORK.—Ketcham, the great Yale center, unanimously named this season as center of the honorary "All American" team, says that courage is necessary in all branches of sport. In addressing a boy's conference Ketcham told the youngsters that sometimes those who have the physical qualification avoid football and other athletic competition because they feel that they lack the necessary amount of nerve. Courage is the most necessary of all qualities. Frequently an abundance of courage alone will overcome physical handicaps.

Ketcham is right. A man without nerve, courage, determination, can exercise in a gymnasium and enjoy the benefits of training, but the joy of competition can never belong to him.

I've competed for many years in a number of branches of amateur sport in different parts of the world. During that time I've seen many athletes lacking in this essential quality of courage. Some of them, because of unusual physical qualities, have done fairly well. But no man without nerve ever became a champion or gained success in a great competition against men of equal or nearly equal ability.

Courage is the greatest thing that an athlete can possess. For that matter, it's the greatest thing that any man can possess, whether in or out of athletics.

I once knew a skinny, scrawny, middle aged lawyer who took it into his head to be a football player. He was as scrawny as a wildcat. He started out with the second team of an athletic club, and nothing could keep him away from a position on the first eleven. Before the end of the first season he was quarterback. He played quarter on the same team for several years, helping it to win a dozen championships. Finally he grew tired of playing football and settled down to his law practice again.

This man's success was the triumph of sheer grit and aggressiveness. He was all bone and sinew—all knees and elbows. When he went for the line he started like a bullet. And he could dive headlong through a knothole. I've never seen a better example of furious determination than he gave in every game. He barked out his signals with a snap that kept his team keyed up to the fighting point every second of the time. I can shut my eyes and see "The Judge" now, his bald head scratched from violent collisions with the ground in many a hard tackle, his nose bent and bleeding, and on his thin lips a grim smile of positive delight. He was a bald headed, skinny, 140-pound god of battles—the real thing.

Hurt? Of course, he was hurt now and then, but he never admitted it, even to himself. That was in the rough old days when half the game was in laying out the best players on the other side. The judge was never put out of a game, and in his famous days each rival team played under instructions to "get him."

Many a man he put out of the game himself with those sharp elbows and skinny knees.

The thing I want to emphasize is just this: Courage, not muscle, makes the man.

On the same team for about two weeks was a giant—two inches over six feet, broad as a house, strong as an ox, quick as a cat. He had everything—except a heart. For two weeks the judge tried to make a football player of the giant. He hated to give up such good material. Finally he lost all patience. He pulled the timid giant out in front of the players.

"Look here," he said, "you're either going to play the game today or get off the field for good. You outweigh me 80 pounds. The others are going to keep their hands off. I am going after you in every play to lay you out. You can try anything on me you want to—fists, elbows, knees, heels—anything. If you get me you stay at the training table. If I make you quit before the practice is over you get out."

"I'll get out right now," said the big one. And he did.

Same men are not always the coolest. I remember once seeing a big college freshman in his first college athletic meet. He was white as a ghost when he came out on the field. His knees were shaking so that he could hardly walk. He trembled as if with the ague. I walked past and said:

"Hello, what's the matter?"

"D-d-don't know," he replied. "I'm either excited or scared—half to death. H-h-hang it! My teeth are chattering and I can't stop 'em."

Just then his name was called for a competition. He won the running high and running broad jumps, hurdles, pole vault, and places in the shot put and hundred yard dash. A couple of years afterward he broke a world's pole vault record in a red hot competition. I concluded that he wasn't "scared" in that first meet.

One of the best examples of what sheer grit will do was given by Martin Sheridan, in the London Olympics, in the two discus throwing events. Martin was hopelessly beaten until his last throw, and in each event he pulled himself together when that last chance came and hurled the discus out far enough to win, by bare inches. Some luck in that—but more courage!

It takes courage to "play the game"—whatever that game may be. A baseball man in a ball game needs cool grit when he stands close to a base reaching for the ball while a runner, notorious for his spiking tactics, comes sliding into him feet first.

In any position on any team a football player must have courage. It takes gameness for a runner to crack on all his speed when he is about to be tackled. It takes courage to dive into a runner and tackle him. It takes courage to hit the line, head first, running low and driving like a battering ram. The player who lacks grit will turn his back and lose force as he meets the resistance and be thrown back.

It takes a world of courage to run the route in an Olympic marathon race, and to come reeling in over the last few hundred yards, refusing to drop when Nature's last resource seems to have been burned out in the long, terrible drive of over 26 miles.

Lots of things take courage. Americans have more to be proud of than mere medal and point winning when they look over the performances of their Olympic athletes. Our men are the peers of any in the world.

A Philadelphia paper manufacturer recently purchased a quantity of waste paper from an old-established business house. In it he discovered very rare stamps and revolutionary war documents which have been conservatively estimated to be worth \$100,000.

Cornell has a perfect woman, Miss Elsie Scheel of Brooklyn, according to the physical director.

Monsignore Thomas Kennedy, president of the American college at Rome, has arrived at New York, bearing Christmas greetings from the Pope to the Catholics of America.

SCHOOL TEACHER GAVE GOTCH FIRST GO

Wrestling Champion Took On His Schoolmaster at Tender Age of Sixteen and Got First Taste of Victory

One wintry day in 1894 two human beings struggled in the snow near a country schoolhouse a few miles from Humboldt, Iowa. One was a young man of 23, the district school teacher. His opponent was a robust, sunburned lad of 16 in knee trousers—a youngster destined to become the champion wrestler of the world.

There were no box seats at this impromptu show, the admission was free as the air of heaven. The audience comprised the roll call of the school except these unfortunate enough to "play hooker" on that particular day.

"Ed Kennedy, now baggage master at Fort Dodge, Iowa, was my school teacher and was considered one of the best wrestlers around Humboldt," said Gotch in telling the story. "It was one of my earliest ambitions to tackle my teacher, who was much bigger and older than I, and down him before the pupils. I remember our battle in the snow as though it were today. The little old schoolhouse is still standing, and the same old trees are there yet. We wrestled side holds in those days."

I didn't know any more about the hold or the half-nelson than a rabbit knows about Latin.

"We took holds and went at it hammer and tongs. Around and around we swung, tugging and pulling at each other for dear life. Kennedy came near scoring a fall on me, but I quickly stepped aside and tripped him to the ground. This counted as a fall, and the boys and girls gave him the loudest cheer he had ever heard."

Kennedy invited me to go to the schoolhouse and wrestle him. I told him the story was good enough for me. Gained Confidence.

After that battle I had more confidence and was willing to tackle any of the men who had beaten me before about Humboldt. I doubt if any other boy of my age gave me more satisfaction. It marked the ending of my wrestling eye teeth and made me ambitious to excel in athletic competition.

News of the battle spread to the farmhouses and barnyards about Humboldt, and the farmer lad became the hero of the younger set.

Gotch was not to "get away" with this triumph so easily, however. Kennedy was a "tough" customer in a "rassling" match. He lost no time in hurling a challenge at Gotch for a return encounter, which it was agreed should take place the next summer.

On a warm afternoon in July, 1895, they met on the lawn in front of the Gotch homestead before a score of boys from each of the rival neighborhoods represented. Gotch always has been tenderly devoted to his mother, but on this occasion he "double-crossed" her. He had arranged for her absence that day. Kennedy had downed several of the leading wrestling hopes of the Humboldt contingent and the Clare, Iowa, boys were in a jubilant mood over their hero. Gotch was unperturbed by this show of confidence.

He was as eager to get at Kennedy as he was to fly at Hackenschmidt nearly eighteen years later. In the struggle that crowned him king of all wrestlers.

Important Match.

"I will always remember the battle of that July day as one of the landmarks of the champion's career," said an eyewitness, now a wealthy farmer residing near Humboldt. "Gotch tore into his opponent like a demon, and hung on like a bulldog. After twenty minutes of rough battling on the grass Kennedy forced Gotch near an old tree that is still standing and had him in a bad way. The least inclination on Gotch's part to succumb would have meant his defeat, but he failed to budge. Gradually he forced Kennedy from his position of vantage and came into the clear amid a wild shout of triumph from us boys, who were following every movement with the utmost astuteness. Then the rattle of wheels was heard. Down the road, and the referee declared the match a draw, the crowd shouting its approval."

"As I watched Gotch hang to his opponent and refuse to give in and have seen him in some of his championship matches I believe this to be one of the secrets of his wonderful success. Once he gets a dangerous hold he will keep it. This trait earned him a hard fought draw with Kennedy. It finally made him the most feared athlete among a race of physical giants around Humboldt."

Rube Marquard has gone into vandeville and claims it is a better game than baseball, which, so he says, he has quit for ever.

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